

Extracurricular Course in Wine

By Naomi Barry

PARIS, March 10.—"Would you say this wine is a little too young for us?" asked student Marilyn Swift, as she pulled a few drops of Savigny-le-Bonne around her tongue. The kids were on their sixth bottle. It was only the second lesson and group tolerance was still low.

"To say it was the other way around," said Jon Winroth, the instructor in oenology. Struck with disappointment, he poured himself another half glass. As far as he was concerned, the Savigny-le-Bonne was the summit of the session.

Wine appreciation is one of the extracurricular courses offered by A.Y.A. (Academic Year Abroad), a program for 55 American college students who stay with French families while attending French institutes of higher learning.

The four girls and two boys in the class were taking on-the-spot training among the cellars and casks of Le Rallye, a really super-café at 6 Rue Dauguesse.

Galped by All

Opening gambit was a Quincy '67, sufficiently bland to be uncomplainingly gulped by all. Winroth introduced a Pouilly Fumé as a bit of one-upmanship.

"A short while ago, it was not so well known, but lately it has been coming up a lot. It was a favorite with Marie-Antoinette and Napoleon. Notice the characteristic taste of the soil and a certain smokiness. A lot of people get it mixed up with Pouilly Fuisse, which comes from Burgundy near Macon. The Fumé is a Loire wine."

"If Marie-Antoinette and Napoleon drank it, why is it just coming up?" asked Russell Kelly, who described himself as having "a crummy tongue. I can't tell one wine from another."

"Here's where you separate the sheep from the goats," ex-



Bernard Férat at work.

plained Winroth. "This one stays in the mouth for quite a while."

"Peter Kovler started to cough. 'O, I really hate this! Can I spit it out?'" Peter's father is president of the Jim Beam Bourbon Company in Chicago. "My father is always talking about wine. I decided to take this course to do him one better."

To clear palates, a plate of Cantal cheese sandwiches on rough country bread baked by Follane was passed around. Everyone was crazy about the sandwiches.

"For 15 francs you can eat all the cheese you want at Androuet on the Rue d'Amsterdam," volunteered Marilyn. Hailing from the wine-producing Napa Valley in California made her a natural candidate for the course.

Susan Gray and Nancy Garvey are both so interested in cooking that they joined up, feeling they should know wine.

They wanted to know if cheap wines were the proper choice for cooking.

Winroth scotched this poverty of approach. "The better the wine, the better and richer the sauce." For the ultimate finesse, he advised using the same wine in the sauce as the one served at table.

A Written Test

To get into the course, the six students had taken a written test on Alexis Lichine's "Wines of France." The preliminary quiz was to discourage the inebriated who might have signed up for the free wine. All Winroth's observations were dutifully noted in big loose-leaf notebooks.

To acquaint the class with the bad and the ugly, the glasses were filled with a Beaujolais Villages bought at the supermarket across the street. The spitting was unanimous and approved.

Paula Oberlander, whose parents in New York are partial to Moselle and Rhine wines, said: "What an awful smell. I don't even want to taste it."

Winroth urged her to develop her sense of comparison. He was indignant that these bottled drops were selling for 525 francs (95 cents).

"It's green. It looks the side of the mouth. I'm amazed that the name Beaujolais Villages is even on the label. Always beware of fancy labels and odd-shaped bottles. This was bottled in Pankin."

"Why, that's right in Paris," exclaimed Paula.

He now produced a bottle of the Beaujolais Villages, which is one of the star sellers of the Rallye, upstairs.

"It was excellent. 'Nine-tenths of its charm,' said Winroth, 'is that you can drink it so early. It has a terrific, fruity, fresh taste.'"

At 630 francs (\$113) a bottle, it seemed dirt cheap alongside the rotgut from across the street. Some of the kids asked for a second pouring.

There were more sandwiches, this time filled with ham from the Ardèche. Bernard Férat's Bar Rallye was given an A-1 rating on the sandwiches.

A Brouilly '69 is another Rallye specialty.

"I learned about it here," said Winroth enthusiastically. "It's great with steaks and roast lamb. My wife served it with a *saucis d'agneau*. I've never had a combination more perfect in any restaurant."

At the end of the course, Winroth plans to put the group through a number bottle test, asking them to identify the different wines. Everybody groaned.

"You'll do better than you think," he assured them.



Detail of "Television Aerials and the Parthenon" by Spiros Vassiliou.

Art In London: Italian Masters Aid a Museum

By Max Wykes-Joyce

LONDON, March 10.—The Ashmolean Museum in Oxford has one of the richest collections in Britain but it is one of the most impoverished of institutions.

In an attempt to improve its economic situation, a group called the Friends of Ashmolean has been formed. Its first London enterprise was to mount an exhibition of Italian drawings from the Ashmolean at the Wildenstein Gallery, 147 New Bond St.

Among the 75 works in the show are fine examples of Bellini, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Titian, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Carracci, Bernini, Tiepolo, Canaletto and Guardi. All this and much more for the three-shilling (36 cents) entry price which goes to the museum.

Barbara Hepworth is among

the world's top ten sculptors—if one must play that kind of rating game with artists. Her exhibition of recent work fills both the Marlborough galleries, the Pine Art, 39 Old Bond St. and the New London, 17-18 Old Bond St.

Sculpture, oils, screen prints and lithographs are all here and demonstrate what all the best artists have always known: that they must use many media and forms. Though each has a preferred medium, he will nevertheless experiment ceaselessly.

I have always thought of Dame Barbara as essentially a carver rather than a modeler. The strength of the carvings in wood or stone lies in the sculptor's expressing the emotions and ideas of natural growth and decay in uncompromisingly abstract terms.

What is more exciting is to find that this recent work is

better than ever and that Hepworth is the same way one speaks of a landscape painter. The essentials are extracted from a scene and transmuted into a visual, esthetic and intellectual experience.

It is this kind of thing which the Greek painter Spyros Vassiliou attempts in his "Greek City Moments and Country Walks," a new exhibition at the Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St. However, he only sometimes succeeds.

Technically he is an excellent painter. Perhaps the difficulty lies in the fact that he is also a notable theater and film designer. Too often the theatricality of the situation overcomes calm contemplation. But where, as in the painting of a moonlit city seen through a window, he does succeed, he succeeds magnificently.

Theater in Paris

Strindberg's Misogyny at the TNP

By Thomas Quinn Curtiss

PARIS, March 10.—Half the world's drama is about people who are desperately trying to get married or people who are desperate because they are married. The master delineator of the latter is indisputably August Strindberg, who, having married three times, could never think of anything sufficiently derogatory to say about the popular institution.

In several of his plays Strindberg pictured woman as the fiend incarnate, using his marital experiences as source material. Such hysterical romanticism was in vogue in the 1890s, and as one sees "The Dance of Death" (now being given a re-

prise at the Théâtre National Populaire) his frantic exaggeration is chillingly persuasive.

Strindberg wrote about the love-hate relationship before Freud studied it and in "The Dance of Death" he has given it its most searching and proud realization in the theater. One senses the presence of greatness from the start as the embittered old army captain and the wife who despises him so implacably converse together in the parlor of some lonely island outpost.

At the TNP, Claude Regy, usually an alert and imaginative director, has not served this extraordinary drama with customary resourcefulness. He has been unable to suggest in his production the fire that smolders under the surface at all times.

The acting is partially blunted in the Paris production. Alain Cuny, whose makeup makes him look like the portrait of the author in the program, as the acrimonious captain, seems to have mistaken the event for a revival of "Tête d'Or" and speaks the realistic lines with such poetic vocalizing that one expects that Maria Casarès, as his venomous *frun*, will sarcastically reprimand him for this affectation.

Nor are the open spaces of the Palais de Chaillot the ideal site for a chamber play. A black shell has been built wherein is found the captain's sitting room. This produces a strange visual angle. The action appears to be taking place at the other end of a long, dark tunnel.

A Herculean Cult In German Theater

By Betty Falkenberg

FRANKFURT.—Hercules has come to town, in the wake, one might say, of Dionysus (witness the many "Bacchae" revivals and "Dionysus in 69"). Both are perfect heroes for today, at once phallic and effeminate, ancient priests of a new cult of transvestism.

Peter Hacks's new play, "Omphale," which opened last week in Frankfurt, was originally to have been shown on the same bill with two other Hercules, one by the East German playwright Heiner Müller, and one by Ernst-Mut Lange, an emigrant from the East to West Berlin. At the last minute, bowing to political pressures, Müller asked that his play not be given on the same evening with Lange's as Lange is regarded as a traitor in the East. So, dishing out justice, tit for tat, the theater decided not to perform either Müller or Lange. A pity all around, as the three plays would have made a fascinating triptych. Müller's "Hercules" deals with his fifth labor, the cleaning out of the Augean stables; Lange's, the most sinister and political of the lot, with the murder of Iphitus; and Hacks's, as the title indicates, with Hercules's enslavement by the Lydian queen, Omphale.

Hacks, one of the most gifted playwrights of East Germany, is known as a Brecht epigone. Born in Munich, he went to East Berlin in the '50s to study with Brecht. But more and more he is coming into his own. Hacks's Hercules has his 13 labors behind him. He has learned to take himself in his stride. He is even given to introspection. "I want to lose myself. No, with every club-stroke conquered monster, I become more clearly me. With every club stroke, I lay a possibility within myself."

After the murder of Iphitus, Hercules, one may recall, was taken to Asia and sold to Omphale as a slave. He was pricked by her more as lover than as a fighter. And, now we learn, no wonder. Like Zeus in Hacks's "Amphitryon," the god-lover breaks down the barriers of human convention to become, by paradox, more human still. "Now," says Hercules, "I would be more than I am; more than a man." A woman.

Ovid and Others
This role reversal is, in itself, of course, not new with Hacks. We have it on good authority. Ovid and others, that Hercules was "combed and manicured by Omphale's maids, while she dressed up in his lion pelt and wielded his club and bow" (Robert Graves). However, the motivation, the probing insat-

bility of love, is Hacks's own; and Hercules's anti-heroic stance is entirely modern.

During Hercules's sojourn in Lydia, the shepherd Daphnis bids him rescue his beloved Pimelia, held as slave by the terrible Lityerses, a monster farmer whose foul breath unleashes plagues, and who beheads his guests and eats them.

Reluctant to break off his love-making, and still dressed in Omphale's robes, Hercules makes off to the fields of Lityerses. Omphale, in lion pelt and flowing mane, follows on his heels. At the very moment when Lityerses's head is severed by Hercules, lo and behold, Omphale gives birth to three sons, Agelaus, Laomedon and Tyrrhenus, who emerge full grown from her womb.

And so the play ends, in a new beginning. The Heraclids, planted by Hercules in the womb of Omphale, are the new-born hopes of a better world, just as the club which has served Hercules in battle is thrust back into the earth, "that murderous tool," branch of the olive, to take root and grow again.

Episodic Scenes

The play is compounded of amusing episodic scenes, with wise and witty aperçus sprinkled throughout. When Lityerses, a cross between a Bruegel peasant and a Bosch monster, takes out his zither and begins to sing, the frightening proximity of brutality and sentimentality is driven home—by way of laughs. And when Hercules returns from battle, holding the fiend's head limply by the beard, he says deprecatingly, "Here's what's left of your enemy. Monsters aren't what they used to be. The winters aren't as cold as they once were, either."

All in all, "Omphale" makes its points without being pretentious. Performed by a more spirited company, it could be really far-out fun.

In Frankfurt, the fun was spoiled by a phlegmatic cast and dull direction. It hardly paid to have the pair exchange clothes. Hercules gained an insight here and there in his female garb, but Omphale was as insipid as a man as she had been as a woman.

Amusingly effete was Daphnis, and his pale Pimelia, flower people of a bygone age. The best performance, if a bit gross, was that of the monstrous Lityerses, played by Michael Habeck, laughing his obscene laugh and breathing pestilence into the air.

Who knows? Hacks may be the herald of a wild new Hercules cult.

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Then there were a lot of people who said they didn't know they could stop over in London. Or thought their ticket would cost them more if they did. Of course, they all know better now. So next time you're strolling along Piccadilly, look around. You'll probably meet a few friends.



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Figure 1. The effect of the number of trials on the number of correct responses. The number of correct responses was significantly higher for the 10-trial condition than for the 5-trial condition.

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